



A pritty well drest Dish of Petites,  
 cook'd at Westminster, with great charge  
 at the cost of three Kingdomes: Also here  
 are other Delicates, which may be well  
 tasted and digested in the Pallats and  
 Panches of Royalists and Loyalists.

**P**ritty Parliament, *has it voted?*  
 Pritty Preachers *have you nominated,*  
*Charles,* *who*  
*We hope ere long the time is*  
 Your Donships shall receive your doome,  
 And the Devill his owne.

Pritty Ashburnham and Barkley,  
 If faine (of you) tell not a flaky lye,  
 You make one Traytor

Betwixt you at least, and have out done;  
 The Devill and the Devils sonne

The Agitator.

Pritty Synod, do's it sit,  
 Vayde of grace as well of wit?

*And make no Cannons;*  
 But such as Ordinance are call'd,  
 Which bath the very soules embroild

*of every Man on's.*  
 Now from black Tom, and blacker Noll,  
 That kill and slay wis have controull,

Thereby to end us

From

45. 1. 10 483





Tho<sup>o</sup>. Holley Esq<sup>r</sup>. F. S. A.

Howe's Collection  
1833

1076. p 33



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**P**ritty Parliament, has it voted?  
 Pritty Preachers have you <sup>Charles</sup> ~~annated~~, <sup>wing</sup>  
 we hope ere long the same to  
 Your Donships shall receive your doome,  
 And the Devill his owne.

Pritty Ashburnham and Barkley,  
 If fame (of you) tell not a starker lye,  
 You make one Traytor

Betwixt you at least, and have out done;  
 The Devill and the Divells sonne  
 The Agitator.

Pritty Synod, do's it see,  
 Fayde of grace as well of wis?

And make no Cannons;  
 But such as Ordinance are call'd,  
 Which bath the very soules entralld  
 of every Man on's.

Now from black Tom, and blacker Noll,  
 That kill and slay with hane controll,  
 Thereby to end us

From

*From the Synods nonsense, and their Treason,  
And from their Catechistick reason,  
Good Heaven defend us.*

*Thanks to the Right Honourable, the  
Earle of Northumberland, for his late  
Vote in behalfe of his  
MAJESTY.*

**A**LL Haile (brave *Percy*) once Great Admirall !  
We thought thee fix'd star till thou didst fall !  
And a star to  
wild an  
Or dire revenge did through thee from thy Sphere,  
And ) of an Angell ) make a *Lucifer*,  
Till thou to bleating *Warwick* didst resigne  
Thy Trident, thou wert th' *Ocean's God*, and mine;  
For till that time my *God* set thoughts with thee  
Committed serious *Idoltry*; no word but *God* in my mouth  
And my esteeme of thee, was then as high  
As were thy merits, or thy dignity;  
But thou wast Mortall *Percy*, and we, *God*,  
Tall Cedars oft borne downe by popular winds;  
Thus (hurried with the crowd) thou didst withdraw,  
(As the most did) thy *Fealty*, and *Awe*,  
From thy deare *Master*, who to thine and thee  
Shewd alwaies more of *Love* than *Majesty*;  
Which doth improve thy guilt, and makes it far  
More legible, in too great a *Character*;

*But*

(3)

But if thy conscience hath given thee the chaceck,  
And *Israel* hath conquerd *Amalec*;  
If God will not, thou shouldst be carried on,  
I' the common hurly of damnation;  
Welcome *Blest Convert* to thy King, and God!  
Thy pardon's sign'd, if thou'lt but kisse the Rod,  
Take these impressions then (my Lord) let none  
Betray the Honour twice of *Algernone*;  
Care not what poyson-whispering *Say* suggests;  
Who (for his ends) both Law and Scripture wrests:  
Who playes a most religious Devils part,  
A Saint in speech, a Sathan in his heart:  
An Hipocrite in graine, makes ill seeme well,  
To whom old *Nick*, surnamed *Machiavell*,  
*Achitophell*, or curst *Iscariot*,  
These (paralleld with him) were each a sot,  
Be deafe to that Damoc'd Siren, pere permit  
Him to your secrets, or soules Cabinet;  
Be not affraid of that confus'd Yell,  
Which belches out Rebellion, as Hell  
Doth Surphurs: Nor dread th' usurped power  
Can vote 3 Kingdomes ruine in one houre;  
Care not for what they doe, or what they say  
What *Pembrooke*, or your Brother *Sarum* Bray,  
That fine wife Aker, who do's value more  
His Akers then his honour, do's adore  
*Mammon* for's God, or's King, though 'tis well knowne  
What the *Cecilians* owe to Englands Crowne.  
Be true to thy owne *Charles*, and by this feate  
Make good thy true discent from *Charles the Great*;  
Put on thy Loyall Robes, and we will Saint thee,  
A Loyall Percy is not each dayes dainty.



*The State of England, or Lilburnes  
Parliament.*

WHEREIN THE HOUSE OF  
COMMONS ARE THE SUPREAME  
POWER.

They the supreamest power (O how good *John*!)  
Whence sprung this pritty new Dominion?  
From revelation or from extasie,  
This upstart mushroom foyst Supreamacie.  
Call in the Heraulds (*John*) for ere we part,  
I will rip up the bowels of their Art;  
But I will know how, and when these Dawes,  
Grew Masters of our King, our Lives, our Lawes.  
Are they not *English*, Yes: Not Subjects, No?  
Nay then I leave 'em *Gentiles*, yet not so.  
Can a hoarse *Cobler*, or a *Weavers* Votes  
Create you Kings? do Crownes grow in their throates?  
(I wish they would in my purse) can they carry't  
Upon the strength of Roast Biefe, and burnt Claret?  
If these two be th' ingredients of a King,  
He ate him all my selfe, or *Marriot* bring.



## *A salutation to the Londoners.*

**T**He City Lanthorne, quickly ; I'de faine see,  
 Where is the Kings or Subjects Libertie ;  
 The one in care, in *Caresborough* captiv'd,  
 The other tonguetide, manacled, and gyv'de  
 In sundry Prisons. O most rare and base!  
 This is the Parliaments especiall Grace.  
 Free men of *London*, 'tis a lye, ye're slaves  
 To *Westminster*, and (worfe) to your owne knaves,  
 Which in the mother *Saxon* signifies  
 A Servant ; so you all are *Gregories* :  
 And like to be so still, unlesse the feare  
 Of plunder ( more then God ) your soules do reare  
 Into a posture of defence ; and rowse  
 Your craft-falne spirits ; and cast off the drowze  
 And lethargie has seisd you ; O is night  
 So heavy on you, and this weight so light?  
 Do ye hugge your fetters, and court slaverie?  
 Then take them for your paines : tis fit that yee  
 Should Still be pleas'd, the Cookes 'oth *Parliament*  
 Know well your Dyet ; both what you relent  
 And what you like , but see they serve not in  
 ( For the last dish ) Damnation for your sin.  
 Has God ( to pay your base and groundlesse feares )  
 Made Idols of you, not Idollaters?  
 You stand like statues all ; you gape and mope,  
 As if you beg'd massacre, or the rope :  
 Which you ( poore soules ) had reason long to feare,  
 ( Know you one *Tompkins* ? and one *Challoner* ? )  
 But is it not prodigious that one man  
 Should strike and drag this great *Leviathan* ?

Speed him to Green-land quickly, or hee'l spoyle  
 The Towns whole store, both of the Ribs, and Oyle:  
 Thou bought'st thy slavery with thy coine and plate,  
 And shalt beg slave with bread from gate to gate,  
 Except thou stand up bravely and prevent it,  
 You and your Heires forever will repent it;  
 You shall be common Rogues, and know no King  
 That might protect you from a ruining;  
 You have been Parliament all Hackney Naggs,  
 Treason hath been supported by your baggs,  
 Knaves, Fooles, and Madmen, that so swift did run  
 To mischief, and desir'd to be undone;  
 Yet for all this take courage, now's the time,  
 Allegiance exiates all former crime,  
 Be wise and Loyall now, or else thy doome  
 Is fixd in Heaven, this thy day is come.

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*Shelton Iunior, or the second part of  
 Collin Cloute, a warning peice to the City  
 of London.*

**O** Cives, Cives, looke well to your Wives,  
 And to your God Mammon,  
 Or he that rules *Hammond*  
 And all England to boot,  
 Will shortly put you to't,  
 And for all your great brags  
 He will cumble your baggs,  
 And for all your great hopes  
 Will plunder your shops,  
 And make a new faire  
 Of pure London ware,

And

And of the Religion  
 Will make a meere Widgion;  
 Then poore Jack Presbyter  
 Must fall with the Miter:  
 And in the conclusion  
 Cry welcome confusion.

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### *A Propheſie.*

**V**V Hen Mounſeir Noſſ. that Paſſe Parſons  
 Shall mount his *Paſſe Vent*,  
 Attended with his Rebell Rout,  
 Then London ſhall be ſhent.

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### *A Prayer for all Lay-Elders.*

**L**ET them be grave, and ſollid, as are blocks,  
 And let them take *Nonſence* for Orthodox;  
 Let jealousies poſſeſſe them day and night,  
 Let them be heavy, and their Wives be light;  
 O let there alway Sects and brabling be  
 To Vex and trouble the Presbytery:  
 Let all their ſons (at one and twenty yeeres)  
 Prove arrant fooles, and have extended eares,  
 As large as *Ceres* ever gave to Cornes,  
 And be more noted then their Fathers hornes;  
 O let no ſparke of modeſty be ſcene  
 In any of their Daughters at foreteene;  
 But let the threshold of their Fathers doore  
 Be evermore beſtriden with a Whoore,

And

And least (there should want Vice) to correct all,  
 Let all their Families to lewdnesse fall  
 And let them all appeare before the King  
 Receive their sentence, face about and swing.

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*A Prayer for our Friends at Westminster:*

**Y**OU Mountebanks of State, long may you live  
 To take such Physick as your selves did give;  
 May you have war, and may the sword destroy  
 Your Families, and may you ne're enjoy  
 The benefits of Peace; ma' ye feele the Rod  
 And till y' have peace with<sup>e</sup> King, have none with God.

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**FINIS.**

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